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Hoi Polloi

Equine Ambiance	6
<i>Patricia Kerby</i>	
Our Star, the Sun	8
<i>Emlyn Murphy</i>	
Believe and Dare	10
<i>Elie Viviant</i>	
Those Oldies but Goodies	12
<i>Jennifer Finch</i>	
Beauty That Can't Be Bought	14
<i>John M. Coghlan</i>	
What's in a Name of a Magazine?	16
<i>Patricia Kerby</i>	
The Beliefs of Houses	19
<i>Stacy Bitter</i>	
Horror and Heartbreak: The Legacy of Women in Homer's <i>Iliad</i>	24
<i>Pam Slappey</i>	
"Revelations" in O'Connor's Stories	27
<i>Rebecca Nix</i>	
Tearing Down the Perfect Bride	29
<i>Donald Bowers</i>	
Unheeded Warnings	31
<i>Katie Irvin</i>	
The Devil Made Him Do It: The Moral and Spiritual Demise of Faustus	36
<i>Pam Slappey</i>	

Contents

Like athletes, writers seldom enter the world with innate abilities. Their achievements often come through hard work, much encouragement, and patient coaching. Once again, the Gainesville College English Department has coached the student body to a winning season. This year's edition of *Hoi Polloi* spotlights the combined efforts of the 2001 Varsity Squad. Congratulations to those who made this year's team!

Any Gainesville College students interested in submitting essays to future editions of *Hoi Polloi* should contact their English professors or the *Hoi Polloi* faculty advisor for more information.

Mere words cannot adequately express our gratitude to the people who made this publication possible. However, I would like to take this opportunity to convey our appreciation. Special thanks to Dr. Bob Croft, whose guidance, encouragement, and expertise shine through not only in the work of his students but in the production of *Hoi Polloi* as well. In addition, our sincere gratitude goes to the entire English Department and the Student Editorial Board. Many thanks also deservedly go to Dr. Lissa Holloway-Attaway, from Georgia Tech, for the task of judging this year's Gainesville College Writing Contest, and to Michael Dean Trippe for the art work gracing this year's cover.

Please note that, unless otherwise noted, all citations for quotations in the text refer to *The Bedford Introduction to Literature*, Fourth Edition, edited by Michael Meyer.

Now it's time to sit back, get comfortable, and enjoy what is perhaps the greatest spectator sport--reading.

Rebecca Nix
Editor

Introduction

Equine Ambiance

Patricia Kerby

The most relaxing time for me is when I'm with my horses. The anticipation I feel as I turn onto the narrow, winding gravel road leading to the pasture is overwhelming. If the barbed-wire fence attached to the untreated, aged fence posts could only speak, many intriguing stories could be told. The horses stand close to the unpainted metal gate, which is secured by a rusted chain held together only by a hook. As I get out of my car and enter the pasture, the horses stir the dust in an effort to be the first to gain my attention.

The pasture is bordered with a buffer of shade trees, where the horses retreat to get away from the scorching midday sun. I have a gelding, a mare, and a stud colt. My first horse, named Vino, now twenty years old, was a two-year old black stallion Tennessee Walker. As the memorable years have passed, he has become a gelded, gray, old friend. The second is a beautiful ten-year-old quarter horse mare named Fancy. She is sorrel with a black mane and tail; she has a white face, which burns easily in the sun. Her four black stockings change to white as they taper down to her hooves. Fancy is the mother of my third horse, a stud colt named Roamer. I bred Fancy to a blue roan stallion, and Roamer has inherited the distinct roan blanket underneath his white coat.

Looking around me, I marvel at the beauty of the rolling green pastures. I hear the sounds of grasshoppers chirping, horseflies buzzing, and crows calling just over the treetops. For a moment, these sounds are interrupted when a jet airplane flies above the clouds and the automobiles just a mile away on the paved road rush by. Then I am brought back to nature by the feel of the welcome breeze as it blows through my hair. The wind whirls through the ragweed and causes the needles to fall from the loblolly pine trees nearby.

As I walk around the old, hollow oak tree that lies rotting on the ground surrounded by blackberry briars, the horses approach me. I can almost hear their thoughts: "Will she groom me?" "Will I be the one she rides today?" "Has she just come to talk to us and walk around as we follow her?" In the muggy heat their tails swish the flies from their bodies and give a frequent sweep to their

companions. I marvel at these beautiful creatures, their stature, their amazing abilities and personalities. It is astonishing to watch their natural response to each other, as they know exactly what the pecking order is. Roamer pulls at my sleeve to get my attention in his request for play. Vino and Fancy drop their heads as they walk behind me. Their attitudes change with disappointment. By now they know that today we will only share a short visit.

Even though I do not get the opportunity very often to be with my horses, the little time I do spend with them is very uplifting. After I return from being alone with my horses and nature, I feel revived and ready to take on a new week. The smell, the sights, and the touch of nature that linger with me are what raises my spirits.

Our Star, the Sun

Emlyn Murphy

Not long ago, the simple suggestion that the sun forms the center of the solar system could get one burned at the stake. Many believe that the philosopher Giordano Bruno's Copernican beliefs eventually led to his demise. Throughout history, from the Catholic Church to the ancient Aztec civilization, people have killed in the name of the sun. As the source of all life on Earth, the sun unquestionably serves a colossal role in our lives. The sun may govern our lives and form the center of the solar system, but it is a grain of sand on the beach that is the universe.

As the sun rises and sets, it plays a direct role in regulating our lives. Standing on a fence, a rooster calls to the sun as the first vibrant ray of light spills over the horizon. Perceived as an outdated tradition for farmers, daylight-saving time forces people to adjust their schedules and serves a new purpose in our modern society. Because artificial lighting consumes 25 percent of all electricity used, daylight-saving time makes good economic sense. Although people quickly neglect it, the Earth's orbit around the sun from its massive gravitational pull governs our calendar and entire perception of time.

People may take for granted the role the sun plays in their lives, but to people of ancient civilizations, the great fiery ball in the sky held a much more personal significance. In the ancient civilization of Egypt, religion personified the sun as the god Ra, the most dominating figure among their gods. Later, the Aztecs feared the wrath of their mighty sun gods Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, so they performed routine human sacrifices in their names. Even Japanese culture tells the story of Amaterasu, the sun goddess and supreme ruler of the world who radiates light that colors the world.

Although greatly significant to the people of Earth, the sun appears very insignificant in the colossal scope of the universe. With approximately 400 billion other stars as neighbors, our sun resides in the crowded Milky Way galaxy. The Milky Way galaxy itself also exists as only one of billions of other galaxies. With the help of the Hubble Telescope, scientists have approximated as many as 125

billion galaxies in the universe. Due to the universe's massive size, it seems almost impossible to estimate how many stars actually make it up, but our star is probably only one in 1×10^{125} (one with 125 zeroes).

The universe may seem like a tightly packed swarm of stars from Earth, but immense space stands between them. The closest star to our sun, Proxima Centauri, lies 4.2 light years away. The number 4.2 may appear small, but light travels at 186,000 miles per second. Measured in miles, Proxima Centauri lies approximately one sextillion (one with 21 zeroes) miles away from our sun. With our closest neighbor an unimaginable distance from us, the unfathomable size of the universe becomes obvious. Although some may feel we represent the most highly evolved and important beings, our biggest symbol of size and greatness is a mere grain of sand in the universe. We live our lives struggling to overcome events that we think will change history forever. People strive for attention and will do just about anything to gain recognition. Yet upon closer scrutiny, our sun brings new meaning to the phrase "everything is relative."

Believe and Dare

Elie Viviant

"Put your money in this basket, hand over your papers--driver's license, passport, national identity card, and social security card--to the sergeant before leaving the room." This command was my first step into the hard world of the French Marine Corps, a step leading to many others. Entering the French Marine Corps at twenty-two years old, I did not know what to expect. Having stayed in for two years, however, I can now say that this experience stands as one of the best for me, because it taught me to believe and dare.

For the first six months, instructors and officers gave us the main training. This training included physical exercises, classical courses on the use of weapons such as machine guns, and classes on the different rules governing the regiment. Those six months might stand out as perhaps the hardest time of my life. The instructors did not allow us to sleep more than five to six hours a night. As often as they could, they would come to our dormitories in the middle of the night and tell us to go outside, wearing only underwear, to make a "sea." By a "sea," they meant for all of us to take our sheets and put them in motion so they would look like white waves in the darkness of the night. Sometimes we spent two hours of the night "waving."

After about two months of regular training, the day of the "silent walk" arrived. I did not really know what to expect, but according to the rumors I had heard, the night would last forever. Getting us into trucks around 10 p.m., the instructors drove us deep into the forest about fifty miles from the barracks. Once there, they told us to put our ponchos on so that we could not see. Then they ordered us to form a long line and, with a thin rope, tied each of us together by the wrist. While nervousness permeated the line, we all remained absolutely quiet. I could feel the clamminess of the guys' hands that flanked me. Suddenly, one of the instructors yelled the rules at us. No matter what was happening, we could not make a sound, and the line should remain unbroken. After those two simple statements, the long line began to move, led by the captain. The walk lasted four hours. During those four hours, we crawled in the mud through ditches and ran

through the forest, falling repeatedly. The instructors punched and kicked us at their will, trying to break the line. They screamed in our ears, asking us our names and which company we belonged to. For those four hours, I remained silent, avoiding more punching and kicking. Around 3 a.m. the drill ended. We climbed back into the trucks and headed back to our barracks. By the time the instructors allowed us to sleep, my watch indicated 4:30 a.m. One hour later, they woke us up to prepare for the 6 a.m. raising of the flag.

After we received our wings for surviving the "silent walk," the focus of our training then shifted to the "amaranth beret walk," which is a walk designed to test one's willingness to become a marine. So during the fourth week of May, after six months of training, my contingent started to walk in a long line behind our captain. By the end of the first day, my feet began to bleed. I could feel blood seeping out of my toes. When night arrived, the captain stopped and told us to make camp. Then, after only two hours, the instructors woke us up and told us to get ready to walk again in fifteen minutes. About twenty-five recruits refused to walk even after the instructors punched, kicked, and treated them like dogs. Yet the rest of us rose without a sound and followed the captain who began to walk.

The second day was awful. While I was bleeding more and more from my feet, my back and shoulders started to ache because of my rucksack and its friction against my skin. Past midday, drops of blood began to drip from my shoulders under my vest. At this point I did not know if I would finish the walk. But looking at the others around me, I could see that pain was striking many of them too. By that afternoon somebody was dropping out about every twenty minutes. Refusing to abandon the walk, I stopped thinking and just started to look at the boots of the guy in front of me. By the end of the day, 110 soldiers of the 280 in my contingent had dropped out. While we rested for another two hour period, I tried to convince myself that I was not suffering and that the walk would soon end. Around 1 a.m. we started to walk again, and from that instant until the end, I don't remember much. Every time somebody abandoned the walk, joy overwhelmed me. By 5 p.m. on the third day we reached the number that the captain had fixed upon in his mind. Only sixty of us were still standing up.

When I finally finished my training and received my "amaranth beret," I knew that just by believing and daring I could achieve goals that were once unthinkable. During the walks, I lost four toenails, and the injuries to my back and feet kept me in bed for five days. I could not walk normally for two weeks. But now, when I think about it, I know it really changed my life and my way of living.

Those Oldies but Goodies

Jennifer Finch

Television today has a show for everything. The early morning shows are still aimed at waking up America's society, while afternoon shows (basically living, breathing Harlequin Romance novels) like *Days of Our Lives* and *General Hospital* are primarily designed for the typical lovesick housewife. Then the evening programming attacks our emotions with topics varying from the emergency drama of *ER* to the comical view of law in *Ally McBeal*. Only a few series go on to win Emmys while most don't make it to a second season. So what is it that makes some shows so special that millions of people turn on their television sets to *Nick at Nite* some thirty years later to watch black-and-white reruns when all of these modern, technologically advanced series are just as accessible?

It is no secret that Americans have always been fascinated with the picture-perfect family. What better example than the 1950s television series *Leave It to Beaver*? The setting takes place in a quaint little suburb filled with matchbox houses, green lawns, and white picket fences. The cast of Ward, June, Wally, and the Beaver makes us all yearn for a closely knit family whose greatest fear is Eddie Haskell dropping by for dinner. *Leave It to Beaver* is a classic because it presents what America has always wanted in a family: a successful father who always has time for his children, a mother who wears pearls and bakes apple pies, and children who never cause any real problems because their intentions are always good. All classic shows, however, do not portray 1950s suburbia; some paint a more rustic picture of the Wild West.

Cowboys, horses, bars, and women who play "active" roles in society are aspects of the western lifestyles depicted in the classic *Gunsmoke*. It has a strong leading male, Marshall Dillon, who always plays the hero and defends his town against any trouble that may ride in. Miss Kitty, his leading lady, is the town madam. This is one of the issues that would have never been accepted in our old western society. The post-Civil War era setting leads us to believe that the 1870s were quite picturesque, orderly and, stable; however, the Wild West that really

existed was filled with chaos and violence. The orderly society, glossy women, and clean action of the old western frontier are some of the components that have made this show a classic still viewed today. *Gunsmoke* allows us to form an idealized perception of a time that we never knew and of a history we wanted America to have. Although *Leave It to Beaver* lures us in by fulfilling our dreams of what the upscale American middle class should have been and *Gunsmoke* fulfills our dreams of a moral, clean west filled with good people, one show gives us the perfect image of the America we all want.

The Andy Griffith Show is the classic of classics, illustrating a small town simplicity closer to reality than the versions depicted in the other classics. Yet its depiction of this perfection is a far cry from anything ever found in America. With three generations of Taylors portrayed, viewers of all ages benefit from the morals, virtues, and valuable lessons that are created in the story lines of each show. From Andy teaching Opie the value of a dollar to telling Barney the value of a bullet, there is always something to be learned. No real harm ever threatens Mayberry (even though they have the best sheriff in the state); criminals always seem to pass through on their way to somewhere else. In one episode an out-of-town offender tries to escape from jail by climbing into a boat to row across a lake in Mayberry. While Barney and others gather to watch, insisting that Andy do something to stop the man, the wise sheriff patiently stands and watches, knowing all the while that the boat has a hole in the bottom of it and that the prisoner will not get far. This show offers comedy, teaches the importance of family, and shows how to sculpt a positive self-image. It seems in every episode Andy is staging a problem of crime for Barney to solve, or scheming some way to make Aunt Bee feel needed. *The Andy Griffith Show* takes us back to a time when everybody knew everybody, people slept with their doors unlocked at night, and the only frequent visitor to jail was the harmless town drunk. *The Andy Griffith Show* will remain a classic for years to come because it fulfills our dreams of a safe, small town that is never faced with any real tragedies.

Clearly then, what makes a television show a classic is that it fulfills our dreams. In an attempt to live the American dream, however, Americans have sometimes set unrealistic standards of how life should be, standards that often are never achieved in reality. Classic shows allow us to see those standards being met. In an age that has so many broken homes, when crime rates are at an all-time high, and when it seems we can't trust anyone, we all look to escape the modern chaos around us in any way we can. Classics help us to see a time when "Honey, I'm home" brought dinner to the table, when the cowboy always got his girl, and when your best friend and the people you love most were always at your side.

Beauty That Can't Be Bought

John M. Coghlan

What is beauty? The word "beauty" has so many meanings. In our society, too many people confuse beauty with physical appearance, social status, and money. Few people appreciate sharing a perfect October day with a loved one or a stimulating conversation with a friend. Instead, they are in a mad dash to work to pay for their new behemoth sport utility vehicle. Often, I must catch myself from slipping into the abyss of mediocrity and think about what is really important. When I stop and take a look around me, I begin to see the beauty of the human spirit and realize what an awesome thing it really is.

To begin with, it is important for us to accept that we are all different. My grandmother perfectly exemplifies someone who loves people "no matter what." Her youngest son is a fifty-year-old bum who still lives at home. Although "bum" might be a very strong word for Uncle Eddie, it fits. I remember when he used to sneak over to our house and siphon gas out of our lawnmower in order to put it in his rusty old Pontiac. He has never been able to hold down a job and loves to consume vast amounts of cheap beer. In spite of all this, my grandmother loves him as if he were a saint. She cooks his meals, does his laundry, and gives him money. Whenever anyone suggests that she kick him out of her house, she always begins with, "Well, he's getting better." Then she goes into detail about how he fixed her leaky sink or how he raised an orphaned squirrel. I don't like her subjecting herself to his foolishness, but she does not judge people. That is a quality to be cherished.

Another type of beauty that I am fond of is independence. My cousin Angela possesses this ideal. She owns a red Ford truck that she thought would look good with a green hand print on it, so she painted one on the tailgate. She loved that little truck so much that she got to the point where she didn't trust anyone else to perform maintenance on it. She can replace the carburetor, spark plugs, and brakes; and she can even do body work like repairing dents and painting. Most men are intimidated by her because she can do these types of mechanical tasks and knows more about cars than they do. I find this humorous

because, in addition to being a great mechanic, she is also very attractive. Angela has never been afraid to be independent, and to me that is special.

Finally, the desire to give more than to receive is probably the most beautiful quality a person can possess. My parents have always been very altruistic. Although we never seemed to have any money when I was growing up, when the sun rose on Christmas morning, a bunch of presents always awaited the kids. I never really thought about what it took to buy these gifts until years later. My dad used to get up at five a.m. every morning to go drive his school bus. During the day, he doubled as an appliance repairman crawling around under rat and roach infested houses to fix a furnace or run a waterline for an icemaker. In the evening, he would drive the bus again and afterward go back and fix a dryer or a refrigerator. My mom worked as a secretary at Alto State Penitentiary. She got up every morning before school and then came home and fixed a hot meal every night. My parents worked very hard for our family and never got a word of thanks or a pat on the back. Although I wasn't one of the kids who received a shiny new Camaro on his sixteenth birthday, I was fed, clothed, sheltered, and most importantly, I was loved. What could be more beautiful than that?

I think we should not overlook the real beauty in people. Often, we fail to see the beauty of the human spirit because it is hidden like a single red rose amid a wasteland of thorns. It is something that gets overlooked because we are too busy pursuing our materialistic objectives. After looking into myself, I found that my life contained much more beauty than I once realized, and my discovering this beauty greatly enriched my existence. I can only hope more people will discover the beauty concealed within their own lives and realize what a precious thing the human spirit really is.

What's in a Name of a Magazine?

Patricia Kerby

The news racks are full of magazines concerning animal hunting, fishing, habitat, and conservation. A great deal of controversy surrounds these subjects. People who hunt and fish are on one side of the fence; animal activists are on the other. For example, hunters have been perceived as "animal slayers." In contrast, animal activists have been known to protest against hunters. Two magazines that debate these issues are *North American Hunter* and *Wildlife Conservation*. An in-depth comparison of these two magazines reveals some surprising results.

The cover of the August 1999 *North American Hunter* is attractive. On the cover there is a good photograph of a large elk peering from behind a bright green pine tree, which could be enticing to a hunter. The tree branches camouflage the elk's massive rack. In large print across the elk are the words "ELK HAUNTS." In smaller print at the bottom of the cover are phrases like "Whitetails Inside & Out, Call Your Shot," "Big Game Awards," and "Scent Control & Pronghorn Particulars."

The October 1999 *Wildlife Conservation* magazine's cover displays a photograph of a plush koala bear sitting on a tree limb. "SAVING THE KOALA DOWN UNDER" is printed in large letters on the lower left of the front cover. Across the top appear words in smaller print such as "Alaska Wildlife," "Vicuna," "Costa Rican Quetzals," and "Orangutans." The colorful cover projects a sense of refuge.

North American Hunter is published monthly at a newsstand price of \$2.99 and averages 162 pages. After taking a closer look at the magazine, amazingly, 79 of these pages contain advertisements. Approximately 48% of this magazine consists of advertisements, including seven pages of hunting outfitters, eight pages about Matthews bows and arrows, five pages of Realtree hunting products, five pages of Browning rifles, as well as ads for five different brands of four wheelers, four different brands of binoculars, and three separate clubs to join.

By contrast, *Wildlife Conservation*, a bimonthly magazine, sells for \$3.50 and averages 72 pages. This magazine contains only 18 pages of advertising. In

fact, *Wildlife Conservation* is comprised of only 25% advertisements, including three pages for classified advertisements, two pages for a Jaguar S-Type car, one full page for a Rolex watch, a full page for a bad breath product, two binocular advertisements, and an investment advertisement.

Because of these types of advertisements, one can see that the audience the publisher of *North American Hunter* is aiming for is people with average to high incomes. The hunting regions in the articles include areas such as Mexico, Canada, Africa, England, Australia, and all across the United States. In *Wildlife Conservation*, however, the publisher is aiming for the financial upper class and the more educated reader. The advertisements for the expensive Jaguar car, Rolex watch, and investments are a good indication of the intended audience. Each issue covers a different animal habitat from around the world.

The table of contents in the *North American Hunter* has headings like "Hunting Suburban Elk," "Beating a Buck's Nose," "You Call The Shots," "Deer Preserve Debate," "Young Guns, NAHC Topples Barriers," and "Missouri Makes Memories." In *Wildlife Conservation*, the table of contents features topics such as "No Tree . . . No Me," "In Focus: Life on the Ledge," "Protecting the Golden Fleece," "Bird of Bright Desire," and "Champion of the Wild." Although the topics in the two magazines seem to be contrary to one another, closer examination reveals some interesting similarities.

In each issue of the *North American Hunter* magazine, there is a section titled "Wildlife Forever," which is a non-profit affiliate of the North American Hunting Club. The first example, "Grant Generates Habitat and Opportunities," is an article about a grant from the partners Wildlife Forever, the Mule Deer Foundation, and the National Wild Turkey Federation. This group uses a new well, fencing, and an irrigation system to improve habitat for animals in California. In *Wildlife Conservation*, the article "Swift Foxes" gives an update concerning the swift fox release program in Montana. These animals were released to help bring back this disappearing breed of foxes adversely affected by the loss of habitat. In both of these articles, the concentration is on solutions for the deterioration of animal habitats.

A second comparison involves preserving wild habitats. In *North American Hunter*, the article "Wetlands Provide Numerous Neighborhood Benefits" describes the reconstruction of the wetlands in Iowa. The project provides diverse habitats for wildlife and increases educational opportunities by building walkways and observation decks. In *Wildlife Conservation*, the article "Paradise Park for Parrots" is also about preserving wild habitats. The author writes that the World Parrot Trust is a breeding center in England set up to educate the public and create a protected environment for parrots. Both these articles emphasize the idea that education will help preserve wildlife.

Another parallel between the two magazines is the belief that when the natural habitat of animals is destroyed, the animals will slowly be destroyed as well. "Wild Hogs Out-Stay Their Welcome," an article in *North American Hunter*, reveals how wild hogs in Missouri are uprooting agricultural land and wildlife habitats, thereby causing a decrease in food and shelter for other animals. Missouri hopes to decrease the population of wild hogs by increasing hunting. *Wildlife Conservation* has an article titled "No Tree . . . No Me" about the adorable koala bear. The author describes how the koala chooses a specific tree and claims it as its very own home. Then when this particular tree is destroyed by any means, the koala becomes disoriented and has a very hard time re-establishing its home.

If one merely reads the titles of these articles, it is easy to conclude at a glance that the *North American Hunter* is a magazine that promotes hunting for specific animals during a specific hunting season, while *Wildlife Conservation* is a periodical whose main focus is endangered animals with unusual lifestyles. Upon a closer look, however, these two magazines actually prove to have some common goals and interests. Although *North American Hunter* and *Wildlife Conservation* are enticing two different audiences, they both strive to slow down the retrogression of the wildlife habitat by promoting education of the public. If one is looking for a magazine to find information on how to promote a healthy wildlife, certainly both magazines have strong points of interest.

The Beliefs of Houses

Stacy Bitter

In E.M. Forster's *Howards End*, the two houses, Howards End and Wickham Place, symbolize the two ways of thinking in society. Howards End represents the old way of thinking, and Wickham Place represents the new way. Howards End, the home of the Wilcoxes, is a family-oriented, "survival of the fittest" environment. Wickham Place, home to the Schlegels, is full of debate about women's rights and helping people in need. The Wilcox home is also the more masculine house, while the home of the Schlegels is a very feminine environment. Near the end of the novel the two mindsets do intertwine, mostly through the characters Margaret Schlegel and Henry Wilcox. The two characters marry, and somehow their marriage works out even though their ideals are completely different. Similarities between the groups can also be observed through the characters of Henry Wilcox and Helen Schlegel. Forster uses the houses not only to express the different ways of thinking, but also to express his attitude toward England at the time. In Forster's eyes the urbanization of England is a very big problem; thus in the novel "we become conscious of a changing England and an altering economic structure" (Bradbury 135).

Howards End, the home of the Wilcoxes, symbolizes the masculine, old way of thinking. Even the house itself is old. Forster describes Howards End through the eyes of Helen:

It is old and little, and altogether delightful—red brick. We can scarcely pack it in as it is and the dear knows what will happen when Paul (younger son) arrives tomorrow. From hall you go right or left into dining-room or drawing-room. Hall itself is practically a room . . . That isn't all the house really, but it's all that one notices—nine windows as you look up from the front garden. (3)

In addition, Howards End is in a rural area and stays basically the same throughout the entire novel. Malcolm Bradbury observes, "Hilton, the station for Howards End, is a village that has escaped rural decay because it is near enough

to London to be residential to it" (134-35). Howards End has the appeal of the countryside, but it is also close enough to the city to be worthy of the upper class. Howards End "at its best—that is, when controlled by a woman of Mrs. Wilcox's type—represents an ideal, a standard, by which each of the novel's characters must be judged" (Crews 112). Thus Howards End represents the old way of thinking in society. It also helps explain how the house can be seen as masculine. As Margaret explains, "Just as another house that I can mention, but I won't, sounded irrevocably masculine, and all its inmates can do is to see that it isn't brutal" (Forster 35).

Wickham Place, home to Margaret, Helen, and Tibby Schlegel, symbolizes the new, more feminine way of thinking in society. It is a newer house located on a busy London street and surrounded by flats. In the novel, London is a city of constant changes and new ideas; the house of the Schlegels is also filled with constant changes and new ideas. Margaret describes Wickham Place in her thoughts as follows:

Their house was in Wickham Place, and fairly quiet, for a lofty promontory of buildings separated it from the main thoroughfare. Once it had the sense of a backwater, or rather of an estuary, whose waters flowed in from the invisible sea, and ebbed into a profound silence while the waves without were still beating. Though the promontory consisted of flats—expensive, with cavernous entrance halls, full of concierges and palms—it fulfilled its purpose, and gained for the older houses opposite a certain measure of peace. These, too, would be swept away in time, and another promontory would rise upon their site, as humanity piled itself higher and higher on the precious soil of London. (7)

The new ideals represented by Wickham Place also involve progress. Stone explains, "Wickham Place is the city house, the urban home of the Schlegels, which along with its tradition and family memories is leveled by the bulldozer of 'progress' to make room for the flats required by the 'civilization of luggage'" (238). This progress can also be observed through the characters Margaret and Helen as they grow throughout the novel. For example, Margaret grows as she learns to replace Mrs. Wilcox and make her marriage with Henry work; Helen grows as she learns to accept certain responsibilities, like taking care of her child. Furthermore, while Howards End is never changing and permanent, Wickham Place is always changing. Like many new ideas, Wickham Place is not permanent; it is torn down to build new flats, as ideas are replaced by new ones. Bradbury explains, "The Schlegel's cultivation is Londonish and impermanent" (134). Another difference between the two homes is that Wickham Place symbolizes the feminine side. Margaret states, "I suppose that ours is a female

house, . . . and one must accept it . . . I mean that it was irrevocably feminine, even in father's time" (Forster 35). By "feminine" Margaret means more open and more understanding of new ideas. This trait shows how different the two houses are and represents how different the two ways of thinking in society are.

Near the end of the novel, the two mindsets start to intertwine when Henry Wilcox and Margaret Schlegel are married. Margaret makes a marriage with Henry Wilcox work as Helen said only she could do. Helen exclaims to Margaret, "Go on and marry him. I think you're splendid; and if anyone can pull it off, you will" (Forster 153). She does pull it off because she learns to adapt her way of thinking so that she is not only open-minded about new ideas, but also open-minded about the old ideas. Margaret eventually replaces Mrs. Wilcox at Howards End because of her combined way of thinking. She becomes a better Mrs. Wilcox; she is soft, kind, and caring for her husband as Ruth Wilcox was, but she also keeps her own ideas and even convinces her husband to be a little more open about them. Crews points out, "[Howards End] apparently stands for the integrated family life that was led there by Ruth Wilcox and is to be continued by Margaret" (112). This characteristic shows how the ideals of each family start to become intertwined. The reader can also see how the mindsets intertwine through the similarities between the characters living in each house. For example, one can compare Henry Wilcox's adulterous affair with Helen's premarital affair, from which she became pregnant; the two sins are both just as immoral. Crews points out, "Though they are different in every other way, Henry and Helen together are deprived of a full emotional and imaginative life because of their distorted understanding of sex" (116). This connection shows that even though the ideals and standards of the two families are different, the members still act in some of the same ways. This novel not only shows how the ways of thinking in society are different; it also shows how members of different social groups can make the same mistakes.

Forster also uses the houses to express his emotions towards England. Bradbury comments, "The novel evokes England, urban and rural; we are given many settings and landscapes" (135). Forster uses Howards End, Wickham Place, and other settings to display his dislike of the urbanization of England. As Bradbury explains, "The interpretative action of the book shows itself in the distinction between England and suburbia; the novel is against this movement" (135). He also explains his opposition literally by showing how England is modernized through the bulldozing of Wickham Place for flats. New ideas and progress take place in the Schlegel home while Howards End is stable; thus it is Wickham Place being bulldozed instead of Howards End. Here again Forster is not only showing his disapproval of the modernization of England, but also hinting at a comparison between the stable, old way of thinking and the new,

impermanent way of thinking. As Richards points out, "The [aim of the novel] is the presentation of a sociological thesis, a quite definite piece of observation of great interest and importance concerning the relations of certain prominent classes in Modern England" (19). The novel shows how the upper class, represented by the Wilcoxes, is disgusted with the idea of a London filled with flats and why Modern England should not be composed like that. Forster agrees with this idea, which is why Stone believes that "Howards End is modeled on the house in Hertfordshire where Forster and his mother lived for ten years" (237). Forster is simply expressing how urbanization could be the ruin of England.

In *Howards End*, Forster uses many symbols and comparisons to show the different ways of thinking in English society. While Howards End represents the old way and Wickham Place represents the new way, the two mindsets do intertwine in the end of the novel; and the characters learn to accept one another better. Despite a few similarities, the characters are completely different in most situations different and represent different viewpoints. In *Howards End*, "Houses have the symbolic role" (Stone 237). This is why the characters living in Wickham Place share so many of the same traits as does the family living at Howards End. Some traits are interchangeable; both of the groups commit sins and both of the groups have fears. The houses divide the two mindsets. Howards End is the masculine house, more brutal and close-minded, while Wickham Place is the feminine home, more clever and open-minded. This difference can also be observed by the actions and words of the characters. Forster uses the houses to describe how disgusted he is about the urbanization of England. Wickham Place being bulldozed for more room for flats is the prime example of modernization in the novel. It is brought up over and over again. Howards End stays unchanged and stable because it is far enough away from London not to feel the pain of urbanization. This also helps show another way in which the two groups think differently. While Margaret is upset about having to find a new place to live, she does not yet see the beauty in Wickham Place to be sad about losing it. When Mrs. Wilcox is told of the move, she is dismayed and worried for Margaret, thinking that the house meant as much to Margaret as Howards End meant to her. Forster uses these symbols of the houses over and over again in the novel to show the mindsets of society. These symbols make up a huge part of *Howards End*. It is these symbols that let the reader know how Forster really feels about the world around him.

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Horror and Heartbreak: The Legacy of Women in Homer's *The Iliad*

Pam Slappey

For centuries, patriarchy has been a scourge against women. It is an archaic system of domination in which males, who are deemed inherently superior, have absolute power and authority over females, who are considered inherently inferior. Nowhere is this system more poignantly illustrated than in Homer's epic poem, *The Iliad*. Many of the women in this tragic story remain nameless, faceless, and voiceless, with little choice but to accept stoically their fate as a silent and oppressed minority in a patriarchal society. Others are considered valuable prizes and as such, lose their identity as women to become mere objects for the pleasure of men. While women do appear to have some small measure of value as wives and mothers in this fascinating work, this value is derived primarily from their worth as mere possessions to be traded, stolen, or sold at the capricious whims of males. Homer's provocative portraits of the women in this epic tale provide us with an intimate look at their roles as either prizes, servants, or wives and mothers, and give us a clearer understanding of the low status of women in this male-dominant culture.

Our first glimpse of women in *The Iliad* is as prizes being argued over. King Agamemnon is whining that his "prize [has been] snatched away" (1.141) and demanding that his men "fetch [him] another" (1.138). Because of his anger at Achilles, Agamemnon wants Briseis, "the prize the armies gave [Achilles]" (1.466) after they had plundered "the lordly Mynes' city" (19.350). When the King sends his men to collect Briseis, it is particularly wrenching to note that "she trail[s] on behind, reluctant, every step" (1.412). Her trepidation is quite palpable and speaks volumes about her reluctance to, once again, become some man's prize. Even though Achilles has since married Briseis and refers to her as "the wife I love" (9.407), he nevertheless has "won her like a trophy with [his] spear" (9.417), further indication that her primary value to him is as a memento of his victory in battle. Briseis herself informs us that it is Achilles who has killed "the husband to whom my father and noble mother gave me" (19.343), as well as her three brothers, and that her life as a trophy of war is but "one endless sorrow"

(19.342). One can scarcely imagine Briseis's horror at being forced to marry a man who has just murdered her family, or to contemplate the humiliation and degradation of being "forced . . . to serve [his] lust in bed" (19.308). At one point in this story, Achilles brags about "fighting other soldiers to win their wives as prizes" (9.397), another indication that women in this culture serve as tokens of status or honor for men who have little regard for their feelings or needs and who do not even view them as human beings.

Another picture of women that emerges through Homer's skillful use of language is of women as slaves or servants. He refers numerous times in this work to "other women" (22.582) who are identified only as "women servants" (9.579), "serving women" (22.681), "the maids" (22.688), or "servants" (6.58). These unfortunate females have even less value or status than women as prizes. They are virtual prisoners and have no freedom or control whatsoever over any aspect of their lives. One could most likely find them of a day "laboring at a loom, at another woman's beck and call, / fetching water at some spring . . . / the rough yoke of necessity at [their] neck" (6.262-65). Most likely, these unidentified females have, at some point in their lives, been "won as plunder" (9.446), "dragged away" (22.73), "stripped of defenses" (22.149), and "carried off as captives" (18.31) by ruthless men who cared little about their "private sorrows" (19.358). It appears that attractive and talented women, those who were deemed "flawless, [and] skilled in crafts" (9.153), were considered more valuable merchandise and, as a result, were more likely to be found "slaving back and forth at the loom" (1.35), or worse still, "forced [in]to shar[ing the] bed" (1.36) of their captors in order to satisfy their sexual demands. Such was the fate of countless women whose voices were ruthlessly silenced by the inhuman cruelty of men under the barbaric rule of patriarchy.

The last portrait of women to emerge from *The Iliad* depicts women as wives and mothers. A prime example is the sad plight of Hector's wife, Andromache. It is clear that she loves her husband deeply and that he is a loving and devoted husband and father to her and to their young son. It is also obvious that she enjoys a much higher status than most other women by virtue of being married to the commander of the Trojan army. However, this increased status makes her more valuable as a battle trophy for some honor-hungry warrior, and thus more vulnerable to kidnap by men who would covet the property of Troy's favorite son. Hector is well aware of his wife's precarious position and worries aloud to her about the agony she will surely endure when "some brazen Argive hales you off in tears, / wrenching away your day of light and freedom!" (6.259-60). He agonizes over her almost certain "day of slavery" (6.272) and the "fresh grief [which] will swell [her] heart" (6.270) when she is taken captive. Likewise, Andromache is well aware of her perilous situation and her high value as a prize

of war. Thus, when she learns of Hector's death, she wails, "I am destroyed!" (22.561) and grieves piteously for herself and her infant son, Astyanax. She laments also for the other "wives and helpless children . . . / . . . who will soon be carried off in the hollow ships" (24.860-61) to a life of inevitable slavery, and for "the horror, the heartbreak" (24.874) that is her legacy for having been born female in a masculine world.

The portraits of women painted by Homer in this epic tale give us an intimate and informative look at their lack of importance, value, and status in a society dominated and controlled by men. Their primary value is as prizes or trophies that increase the honor or status of the men to whom they belong. Women in this culture are reduced to the status of objects or playthings to be possessed, traded, or stolen and, as such, have no identity as individuals or as human beings. Thus, the tyranny of patriarchal rule effectively silences the voices of its female victims and leaves them at the mercy of a system that accords them little honor or control over their fates as servants, prizes, wives or mothers.

Lifting the Veils

Rebecca Nix

Very few people experience the eye-opening transformation that a true revelation can bring to their lives. Some people encounter this opportunity and fail to recognize it; some realize the chance for change and stubbornly refuse it, yet only the fortunate few understand and gain insight from it. In three of Flannery O'Connor's short stories, "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," "Good Country People," and "Revelation," each central character finds herself facing a situation beyond her control which in some way alters her fundamental perceptions of reality.

In "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," the grandmother's selfishness leads to a violent end for her family and herself, but in that tragedy she experiences a new awareness. During the course of the story she uses lies, manipulation, and trickery to control the day's events to better suit her agenda. The results of her self-centeredness bring her face to face with a ruthless sociopath. At this point, the well-honed tools of manipulation she customarily utilizes to get her way become useless. As she looks into the eyes of an emotionally-wounded, cold-blooded killer, her instinct to save herself, for one split second, falls aside. Perhaps for the first time in her life, she puts someone else's needs ahead of her own and reaches out to offer comfort to another human being. Although this gesture fails to spare her life, she dies in a totally unselfish act of compassion. In her last few seconds of life, she gains the wisdom of sacrifice. With this knowledge, she dies peacefully with "her face smiling up at the cloudless day" (O'Connor 391).

Unlike the immediacy of the grandmother's revelation, Hulga Hopewell's awakening in "Good Country People" delivers her more gradually from her misconceptions. Hulga fancies herself as "one of those people who see *through* to nothing" (403). In her mind, the world has given her little proof of love, faith or grace. Therefore, she places all her beliefs into the one aspect of her life that has provided her with sustenance--her intellect. In a way, she worships her own mind as a deity unto itself. Thinking herself far more intelligent and worldly than

Manley Pointer, an inferior, country Bible salesman, she sets out to seduce him. But her lack of experience in interacting with people causes her to underestimate him, and Manley proves far superior in his ability to use people to get what he wants. Letting down her defenses and making herself vulnerable, Hulga finds herself in a foreign environment. Thus "her brain seem[s] to have stopped thinking altogether and to be about other functions it [is] not very good at" (405). In the instant she allows her emotions to override her brain, her heart stirs with the possible joy of companionship. Even though Manley leaves Hulga alone, confused, and crippled, he serves as a Trojan Horse, delivering a small amount of light through the fortress walls built around her heart. In the wake of Manley's abandonment, the illumination remains to prevent her heart from returning to its former state of coldness and darkness.

In "Revelation," Ruby Turpin's journey from darkness to illumination happens so slowly that one has difficulty pin-pointing exactly when the transformation takes place. Ruby can see no fault in her elitist approach which stereotypes everyone she encounters into groups according to her personal standards of worth. Because she is white, Christian, and financially comfortable, she considers herself on a first name basis with the Almighty. Holding impromptu negotiations with God from time to time, she discusses with him her superior status in the hierarchy of the human race. After Mary Grace, a troubled, mentally unstable teen, attacks her in the doctor's waiting room, Ruby starts to question why, with all the other more suitable targets for assault, she has been singled out for abuse. As the day progresses, she becomes increasingly unsure of her superiority. With the setting sun, the veil of ignorance is pushed away from her face just long enough for her to glimpse reality. In the form of a vision, she faces the sobering fact that the color of her skin, her church attendance, or her finances will not determine her position in God's kingdom. For in her vision, folks like herself do not lead the procession into heaven; they do not even occupy the positions at the center of the line, but follow behind all the kinds of people she has considered beneath herself. Ruby Turpin can "see by their shocked and altered faces that even their virtues [are] being burned away" (420). Along with their virtues, Ruby's illusions about the requirements of righteousness also incinerate, leaving her with a glowing ember of new understanding about herself and others.

Clearly then, with this burning away of old values, each O'Connor character widens a previously narrow personal viewpoint. In these stories we see that the revelations in our lives may not come as lightning bolts from heaven, but much more subtly disguised. The secret is leaving one's mind open for change, no matter what form the catalyst may take.

Tearing Down the Perfect Bride

Donald Bowers

Petruchio's relationship with Katherina in *The Taming of the Shrew* evolves through three different phases. When Petruchio first encounters Katherina, he sees a challenge that, if conquered, will reward him with riches for the rest of his life. During the second phase of their relationship, Petruchio goes through the exhaustive experience of taming Katherina's volatile spirit. In the final stage, Petruchio sends his newly conquered bride out into the world to test her newfound obedience and win him more riches. In all three phases, Petruchio has a different task; however, the purpose of these tasks is the same. He wants to tear down Katherina and recreate her into a perfect bride.

The first phase of Petruchio's relationship with Katherina is to win her hand in marriage. He intends to win her by wooing her with kindness. When he first hears of the wealthy "irksome brawling scold" (1.2.185), he knows that if he is able to marry her, he will be set for life. The first time he speaks to her, he calls her "Kate," implying that he knows her well enough to use her nickname. He then attempts to charm her by calling her "the prettiest Kate in Christendom" (2.1.187). Even though Katherina calls him an "ass," he does not reply to her in kind. Sticking to his plan by refusing to return her insult, Petruchio responds back with "good Kate" (2.1.202). When Katherina claims, "I chafe you," Petruchio kindly tells her "not a whit. I find you passing gentle" (2.1.236). Even after enduring all her insults, he tells her that those who called her "rough, and coy, and sullen" had to be "a very liar" (2.1.237-38). At the end of their first encounter, Petruchio tells her that he must and will have her as his wife. He makes no secret of his intention to "tame" her (2.1.269). Petruchio leaves Baptista's house proclaiming, "Sunday is the wedding day" (3.1.291). He knows he has won the first battle; even so he still anticipates many more.

Petruchio's puts the second phase of his plan into action on the day of his marriage to Katherina. He begins the process of taming Katherina by showing up late for his own wedding. Petruchio makes her feel like a fool as "the world points at poor Katherina" (3.2.18). He continues breaking her spirit by making her walk to his home after she falls from her horse. After her long journey,

Petruchio denies her a meal, refusing to feed her "till she stoop" (4.2.177). Additionally, Petruchio weakens Katherina further by not allowing her any sleep. He plans to "rail and brawl" all night so that she won't have a "chance to nod" (4.1.192). As he did in wooing her, he uses kindness to "curb her mad and headstrong humor" (4.2.195). When the tailor arrives for a fitting, Petruchio continues his tricks on his wife. Katherina is shown a beautiful gown; however, Petruchio snatches it away from her, claiming that it is not nice enough for her. At last Petruchio feels it is time to test Katherina's obedience, but when she will not agree with him on the time of day, he knows his work is not yet completed. Petruchio must be convinced she is ready to perform to his satisfaction before he will allow her in the outside world. Once Katherina passes Petruchio's test, he will show her off like a prized falcon.

The last phase of Petruchio's relationship with Katherina is one in which he shows the rest of the world how much he has changed "Katherina the curst" (1.2.127). Petruchio is convinced that he has tamed Katherina when she agrees with him that "it is the moon" (4.5.16), even though it is clearly day time. With this battle won, he rewards her with a trip to her father's home. On the way there, he tests her again. As Vincentio approaches, Petruchio asks Katherina if she has ever seen a "fresher gentlewoman" (4.5.29). Katherina obediently agrees, "young budding virgin" (4.5.37). With mock astonishment, Petruchio replies, "I hope thou are not mad" (4.5.42). After this episode Petruchio realizes that he has tamed his shrew and that she is ready for the final test. Once they arrive at Baptista's home, Petruchio arranges a wager that will prove to everyone what good work he has done with Katherina. Petruchio bets Lucentio and Hortensio that his bride, when called, will not hesitate to come to him. Lucentio sends for his wife first, but "she is busy" and will not come (5.2.80). Then Hortensio meekly asks his wife to please come to him. However, she sends word back for Hortensio to "come to her" (5.2.91). Finally, Petruchio commands Katherina to come to him, and she does so immediately. Not only does his Katherina prove her obedience to him, but she also brings him more riches by winning the bet. With the winning of this wager, Petruchio knows he has finally turned his "wild Kate to a Kate" (2.1.270).

In all three phases of their relationship, Petruchio uses the act of kindness to tame Katherina. During the wooing of Katherina, he never raises his voice. In the exhaustive second phase of their relationship, Petruchio is able to maintain his strategy of gentleness toward Katherina. The final phase of their relationship sees Petruchio's hard work rewarded for making Katherina the perfect bride. His kind manipulation is his most effective weapon. He uses it to achieve his goal of tearing down Katherina's spirit and rebuilding her into the perfect wife.

Unheeded Warnings

Katie Irvin

Symbolism can be found in every aspect of literature. It is often used to illustrate how characters change from one point in time to another. Many of the symbols in *Madame Bovary* are used as warnings--warnings of unhappiness, death, and destruction. Unfortunately these warnings go unheeded by both Charles and Emma Bovary, leading them both through unhappy lives and into early graves. In *Madame Bovary*, symbolism is more than a simple representation of an ideal; it is a shadowed path, full of warnings, that not only leads to the destruction of Emma's marriage but to her death as well.

When the novel begins, young Charles's hat is the object of ridicule and disapproval among his classmates. It is described as "one of those wretched things whose mute hideousness suggests unplumbed depths, like an idiot's face" (Flaubert 890). In a critical essay, Martin Turnell claims that "it is no exaggeration to say that the whole novel grows out of this one image . . . a dunce's cap" (100). From this point, Charles continues to grow in likeness with his wretched hat, becoming a boring, monotonous, and tiresome man.

Later when Charles goes to Les Berteaux to set Monsieur Rouault's leg, the scenery coincides with the mood that has already been set. This scenery is described as "leafless branches, motionless birds, a cold wind, a vast grey surface, and a dull tone" (Flaubert 896). However, as Charles nears the Rouault farm, the road becomes more "deeply rutted," so Charles must "bend low to escape overhanging branches," and his horse is frightened and shies away (897). Seemingly, the forces of nature are warning Charles of the disaster that lies ahead up. Turnell describes the scene as a "premonition of what is to come, a warning against a disastrous marriage" (101). Nevertheless, Charles, in his naivete, fails to see the significance of his surroundings. Instead, he feels a new and wonderful page of his life opening as he enters the farm.

After their marriage, Charles and Emma return to Tostes. There Emma sees the "other bride's bouquet" (Flaubert 909) and wonders what will happen to hers when she dies. The initial presence of the "other" bouquet continues to grate

on Emma's nerves along with anything that Charles says or does. Later when Emma's bouquet, yellowed with age, resurfaces, the wire pricks her finger. Richard Cross claims that the yellowed orange blossoms symbolize Emma's tarnished hopes and the frayed ribbons her frazzled emotional state (89). Many critics feel that Emma's burning of her wedding bouquet is the first sign of the moral and psychological decay of her marriage. The bouquet "slowly consume[s] itself" (Flaubert 932), and just as Emma destroys her own wedding bouquet, she also destroys her own life by suicide.

The plaster statue of the priest represents the sanctity and honor, or rather the lack thereof, of the couple's new life together. On the Bovarys' first night home, "the priest stood reading his breviary" (909), and Emma becomes capricious and easily annoyed. Obviously, in her mind the honeymoon is long over. The statue is referred to once more. This time, however, the priest has "lost his right foot, and the scaling of the plaster in the frost has left a white scuff on his face" (930). The plaster is used to illustrate how fragile Emma's marital and religious views are. Turnell claims that the reference to the lost right foot represents Hippolytes's amputated leg. He goes on to say that the "sound of the leg in real wood will reverberate all through the rest of the novel" (103). The wooden leg is not only a constant reminder of Charles's embarrassment but of Emma's unhappiness as well. Through the image of the priest's weather-stained face, one can see that moral deterioration has set in. In the end, the destruction of the statue on the move to Yonville foreshadows Emma's impending destruction and death.

When Emma and Leon meet at the cathedral, she intends to break off the relationship. An obvious conflict of mood and imagery occurs when Emma kneels to pray for strength. Ironically, the guide implores the couple to "take a look at the Resurrection, the Last Judgement, Paradise, King David, and the souls of the damned in the flames of hell!" (Flaubert 1048). On their drive past the cathedral, however, those same hands that prayed for strength can be seen throwing the "break-up" letter out of the cab window. The shredded pieces of the letter symbolize how Emma's marriage vows have been torn up once more (Turnell 105).

A truly symbolic character is the blind beggar. This hideous creature represents death or the devil. As Emma rides to and from town, the beggar's image haunts and horrifies her. Peter Garrett claims that the beggar is "maneuvered into position so as to reappear while Emma lies on her deathbed, setting a capstone of horror on her death and symbolically emphasizing the corruption to which her own dreams of love have led" (70). Emma sits up like a "galvanized corpse" (Flaubert 1104) from the horror of the blind beggar. He is described as "a figure of terror looming up in the darkness of eternity" (1104).

Ironically enough, this devil is present only at Emma's adulterous excursions and in the end at her death.

A number of horseback rides in *Madame Bovary* inevitably lead to death or destruction. The first example is Charles's initial ride into Les Berteaux. Charles feels that he has found the perfect woman to be his new wife. However, he could not have made a more ill-suited choice. That first ride Charles takes slowly, and it leads him into a miserable and wretched life (Turnell 105). Another illustration is seen in Emma's rides with Rodolphe. What begins with a little flirting on Emma's part quickly turns into an affair. Emma sinks deeper and deeper into each lie that she is forced to tell about her secret life. However, she is ultimately left with nothing to show of Rodolphe's love. Emma's affairs and financial problems soon push her over the edge to her own suicide. A final example is Monsieur Rouault's last ride to Yonville. Hoping that the strange news of Emma is only a hoax, her father quickly rides to Yonville. There he finds that Emma is dead and that he is too late to bid her adieu.

Doors are often symbolic of secret passageways and hidden warnings. Homais tells Charles, "What's especially convenient about [the house] for a doctor is that it has a door opening on the lane, so that people can come and go without being seen" (Flaubert 942). Instead, Emma is the one who uses this secret door. It is her entrance and exit to and from each secret meeting with Rodolphe (Turnell 107). Later when Emma and Leon meet at the Cathedral, the guide tells them, "Drive past the north door, at least! Take a look at the Resurrection, the Last Judgement, Paradise, King David, and the souls of the damned in the flames of hell!" (Flaubert 1048). How ironic that this part of the tour concerns King David, a great king who was also guilty of committing adultery. In addition, the final description of "the souls of the damned in the flames of hell" foreshadows Emma's own suicide.

Windows are used as paradoxical representations of Emma's lack of freedom. Feeling imprisoned and hopeless, Emma is constantly looking out a window, wishing to be someone else or somewhere else. On a number of occasions, Emma watches Leon and Rodolphe from afar, wishing only that she could be with either of them. When Emma receives Rodolphe's letter, she quickly contemplates committing suicide by way of the attic window for "she was at the very edge, almost hanging out, a great emptiness all round her" (1023). Emma feels that there is some sort of answer to her problems outside the window, but she doesn't have the courage to jump.

On other occasions, Emma exerts much more control over herself and her situation. Wanting to meet Rodolphe but having to sit and chat with Charles, Emma grows wild with impatience, wishing that with only a mere look she could

have "flung him out a window" (998). By tossing Charles out a window, Emma would, once again, be in control.

When Emma goes on her visit to La Huchette, Flaubert mentions that "the yellow curtains masking the window let through a soft, dull golden light" (996). As long as Emma is behind closed doors or windows, she can be carefree and lighthearted. Even the description of Rodolphe's window uses gentle, soothing tones. Emma's excursions with Leon in the hotel are also described as "full, exquisite, glorious days . . . living there behind drawn shutters and locked doors" (1056). Emma fears the exposure brought about by open windows, for she is afraid for her relationship to be anything but secretive and secluded.

Emma is also in control during the cab ride with Leon. Until they get into the cab, Emma is extremely unsure of herself and of their relationship. Once inside the confines of the cab, however, Emma is free once more to do as she pleases. Halfway through the ride, Emma can be seen throwing the shredded pieces of her letter to Leon out the window. Turnell claims that "the white fragments seem to stand for clothes . . . a strip-tease act . . . the door opening and closing as one garment after another comes flying out" (105). Not only is Emma scattering her wedding vows to the wind, but her virtue as well.

Stairs also play an important role in the symbolism of the novel. Each time Emma meets Rodolphe or Leon, she must come back to reality by way of the stairs. Just as the cab acts as a shuttle between fantasy and reality, the stairs take her up and away into Paris, where she has always dreamed of living. In another instance, Emma reads the shocking news of Rodolphe's letter in the attic. Felicite comes to get her for supper and Emma "ha[s] to go down [and] sit through a meal" (Flaubert 1023). Jolted back to reality by Felicite, Emma must make her way down the stairs to her husband and the everyday life that she despises.

Madame Bovary contains a number of symbols. Charles's hat, which opens up the novel, declares him an innocent fool. His admiration of the Rouaults' farm clearly illustrates his drab life and points to the mistake he is obviously about to make—marrying Emma. The burning of the wedding bouquet is the first sign of the deterioration of Emma's recent wedding vows. The priest also continually points a finger in that same direction. Emma's virtue, which continues to decline, is illustrated through the scene at the Cathedral, the blind man who comes into play, and the excursions and horseback rides with Rodolphe. This shadowed path of symbolism leads Charles and Emma down two separate roads. These unheeded warnings lead to the destruction of Emma's marriage, her suicide, and the psychological death of her family.

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The Devil Made Him Do It: The Moral and Spiritual Demise of Faustus
Pam Slappey

Innate within human beings is a basic desire to understand the mysteries of the universe in which we live, as well as a deep yearning to discover our rightful place and purpose in life. This desire for knowledge is God-given; indeed, it is our legacy for having been created as God's children in God's image. However, there are limitations to human knowledge and understanding; there are simply some things that it is impossible to know. In Christopher Marlowe's multi-act play *Dr. Faustus*, these very limitations have frustrated Faustus and caused him to become dissatisfied with his current intellectual, philosophical, judicial, medical, and theological pursuits. His dissatisfaction, combined with his desire to transcend the traditional and elementary boundaries of human erudition, causes him to make a pact with Lucifer, a "devil's bargain" which leads to his moral depravity, spiritual deterioration, and ultimately to his eternal death and damnation.

Faustus is undoubtedly an extremely intelligent man. Having attended Wittenberg University, he is renowned by all as an exceptionally brilliant doctor and scholar for his knowledge and expertise in medicine, theology, philosophy, and law. Having reached the pinnacle of success, however, he finds himself bored and disillusioned with traditional learning and desires something more. Necromancy, the "practice [of] magic and concealed arts" (1.1.103) and the "metaphysics of magicians" (1.1.49), is what Faustus decides that he "most desires" (1.1.52), in large part because of the "profit and delight, / . . . power, honor, . . . [and] omnipotence, / [that] is promised to the studious artisan!" (1.1.53-55). His statement proclaiming that "a sound magician is a demigod" (1.1.62) provides valuable insight into his psyche and furthers our understanding of his willingness to turn to magic in order to gain omniscience. Obviously, he has a large ego and wants to "gain a deity" (1.1.63) or become like a god himself. At this point in time, he has no way of knowing that this motivation will produce disastrous consequences for him both physically and spiritually.

It is interesting to note that Faustus's original intention is to use his supernatural powers to accomplish noble and magnanimous deeds. Clearly, his wish for deeper insight into the mysteries of the universe is a worthwhile desideration, one which he believes will enhance his reputation. Yet Faustus's excessive hubris and greed lead very quickly to a change of heart and mind. We find him thus exclaiming:

Whilst I am here on earth let me be cloyed
 With all things that delight the heart of man.
 My four and twenty years of liberty
 I'll spend in pleasure and dalliance,
 That Faustus' name, whilst this bright frame doth stand,
 May be admired through the furthest land. (3.1.59-64)

This passage graphically illustrates that Faustus's main pursuit is to satisfy his physical appetites and base desires. He is plunging rapidly toward moral and spiritual destruction, having forgotten his earlier lofty and benevolent aspirations. His excitement and pleasure in higher learning has since been replaced with a carnal debauché that Faustus now proclaims "doth delight [his] soul" (2.2.160).

Additionally, Faustus's inordinate pride and arrogance preclude him from heeding the warning by Mephistophilis against "surrender[ing] up . . . his soul" (1.3.91) to Lucifer. Mephistophilis implores Faustus to "leave these frivolous demands / which strike terror to my fainting soul!" (1.3.82-83). He further elucidates that he is "forever damned" (1.3.73) and "tormented with ten thousand hells / In being deprived of everlasting bliss" (1.3.80-81) because of his conspiracy with Lucifer against God, which resulted in banishment from "the eternal joys of heaven" (1.3.79). Sadly, Faustus's overly prideful attitude prevents him from comprehending the gravity of Mephistophilis's counsel. Instead, he haughtily declares, "There is no chief but only Belzebub / To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself" (1.3.57-58). He also boasts, "I think hell's a fable" (2.1.126) and "this word 'damnation' terrifies not me" (1.3.59). Clearly, his overweening pride and confidence in himself cause him to harden his heart and proclaim that "henceforth . . . / Faustus vows never to look to heaven, / Never to name God or pray to him" (2.2.96-98) and to further resolve that he "shall not repent" (2.2.32).

Surprisingly, textual evidence indicates that on several occasions during the twenty-four years he has been granted in exchange for his soul, Faustus experiences fleeting but profoundly distressing moments of what appears to be regret and "deep despair" (2.2.25) that "doth drive distrust into [his] thoughts" (4.5.23). At one point he cries out, "O Christ, my Saviour! my Saviour! / Help to save distressed Faustus' soul" (2.2.83-84). Clearly, he wrestles with his conscience as depicted in his conversations with the Good Angel and Bad Angel. Unfortunately, he is unwilling to give heed to the Good Angel's exhortations and

thus continues his frivolous pursuit of "sweet pleasure" (2.2.25) "to glut the longing of [his] heart's desire" (5.1.90). It is also interesting to note that each time Faustus begins "to think of God or heaven" (2.1.3) or attempts to "turn to God again" (2.1.9) Mephistophilis, Belzebub, or Lucifer appears immediately to divert his attention with temptations that appeal to his carnal appetites. Their rapid appearance indicates they are worried about losing control of Faustus's soul and also implies that, indeed, Faustus still has time and opportunity to repent and be saved from eternal damnation.

As his "fatal time draws to a final end" (4.5.22), Faustus experiences much fear and anxiety and wails, "Wretch, what hast thou done? / Damned art thou, Faustus, damned!" (5.1.54-55). He then reacts with a thoroughly human response: he blames Mephistophilis for his dire predicament. Faustus then rails, "O thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptation / Hath robbed me of eternal happiness" (5.2.87-88). In addition, he "curse[s] the parents that engendered [him]" (5.3.177), as well as Lucifer, who "hath deprived [him] of the joys of heaven" (5.3.179). For all his many accusations and denunciations, he really cannot blame anyone but himself. "The devil made me do it" is simply not an adequate defense in this case since Faustus has had ample warning from Mephistophilis, the Good Angel, and the Old Man who implored him to "leave this damned art" (5.1.37) and "call for mercy" (5.1.63). Accordingly, personal responsibility rests squarely on Faustus's shoulders for his decision to sell his soul to the devil, thereby repudiating both repentance and salvation.

Faustus's intellectual curiosity and thirst for greater knowledge are an instinctive component of the human condition. His desire to transcend the boundaries of human knowledge in order to better understand the mysteries of the universe is an admirable aspiration. Unfortunately, it is an aspiration that leads ultimately to his spiritual death and damnation. Maturity, both physical and spiritual, requires that one accept responsibility, as well as the ensuing consequences, for individual actions. Disastrously, Faustus realizes too late that "for vain / pleasure of four and twenty years hath [he] lost eternal joy and / felicity" (5.2.62-64) and that, as a result, he is "damned both body and soul" (5.2.37) to hell for all eternity. This tragic story stands as a poignant and sobering reminder for all that "the reward of sin is death" (1.1.40).

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